

Demolition for old buildings

MEL AVADAS
Journal Staff Writer

101 st and 102 ave

Mayor Jane Reemer announced a revolutionary new look for the City of Edmonton. City council has proposed a bylaw that business corporations eliminate any

building built prior to 1985.

"Consultation with several architectural firms has shown this to be a viable option," Reemer stated. She added that the idea "had been kicking around for years in council, but the bold move by the Edmonton Journal

"Consultation with...architectural firms"

—Mayor Jane Reemer

convinced us this was the wave of the future. We had to act now."

Reemer concedes, "sure Edmonton will be bare for awhile, but what's important is newness."

The mayor expressed the admiration of the city council for the initiative taken by the Journal. By "knocking down that nasty archaic building and replacing it

society, the Journal has declared its intention of moving with the times."

The mayor also stressed the uselessness of landmarks, "After all, they just sit there. I don't see what the historical societies are complaining about."

B

Sunday
City

EDITOR: Shiela Prattle, 421-1111



The Edmonton *Sunday Journal*

Sunday, April 8, 1990

False fire alarms put end to HUB Mall responses

AL MATION
Journal Staff Writer

near George's Cookies

City of Edminite fire officials have "had enough" of the false alarms in Hub Mall. In a policy ratified Monday, they have declared the mall a protection-free zone.

Essentially, the decision means that firefighters will not respond to calls from Hub Mall. "Let 'em burn," said fire chief Nocall Hankins.

"We've suggested to the men that they stop for donuts on the way to Hub Mall fire calls," said Hankins. He added that many city donut shops provide a discount for on-duty emergency crews.

The controversy comes in the wake of the year's 1000th false fire alarm in the combination shopping emporium/luxury apartment complex. Pranksters pull the fire alarms frequently, noting that the system "makes a neat sound. Not like those annoying bells you usually hear."

University officials agreed with the chief's decision. Dr. Pub Whileinport said, "I know for a fact that 'The Boy Who Cried Wolf' is in the curriculum of every elementary school. If the students are too dumb to remember that, maybe a fire will leave us with a better claihre of academics."

Insurance rates for Hub residents have tripled in response to the decision. "There's not much we cand do about it," said a community association spokesman. The HCA has arranged for a



Greg Southport The Journal

Firechief Nocall Hankins poses by his clean firetruck. He doesn't plan to respond to HUB alarms in the near future.

discount on the purchase of fire extinguishers.

Residents of Hub have also called in consultants from rural volunteer fire brigades. "We may start up our own 'Fire Club'," said one resident, noting that funding might be obtained from the Students' Union.

Chief Hankins admitted that the refusal to respond will be waived in some instances. "Basically, we've told the men that if they can actually see the flames from the window of the fire station, they should respond. Otherwise, we've got to assume it's another prank."

Tuition debate Conflict-of-interest charged

SUNSET LEROCK
Journal Staff Writer

living at home

The most outspoken opponents of university tuition fee increases have been charged with conflict of interest.

An RCMP investigation has determined that Stephen Dunnes and Steve Muther owe thousands to the Students' Finance Board. "It appears that they're just trying to save their own hides," said detective Rolf Wolfe.

A distraught Muther reluctantly admitted his motivation to be selfish. "I was hoping they would say, 'Steve you call off this tuition crusade, and we'll call the loan even.' But they didn't so I guess I'm stuck."

Under a proposal before the department of Advanced Education, both Dunnes and Muther would have \$200 per year less disposable income than in 1989.

"Less beer money," lamented Dunnes.

Lubicon boycott ends Indians befriend oil company

ERIC ELLIK
Journal Staff Writer

Bert's house, Little Buffalo Alberta

The recent gas has brought low prices to Edmontonians, and a sudden end to the Lubicon Indians' war against Petro-Canada.

The band has been targeting the crown-owned oil company for months, as an attempt to get through to the federal government.

"But we learned this week that those Petro-Canada guys aren't that bad after all. Their gas was as cheap as anybody else's. That takes guts," said Chief Bert Omanyak.

Omanyak promises that the 1435.4 million dollar land claim will be reduced to reflect the savings band members have realized at the pump.

"Gas was selling at 50.9 cents a litre before all this stuff started and it's at 40.4 cents now so that

"Gas was selling at 50.9 cents a litre before all this stuff started and it's at 40.4 cents now so that every litre you fill you save 10 and a half cents. When you think that the average pickup truck holds 80 litres and guys have to get more gas every week, we're talking about quite a bit of dough."

— Chief Bert Omanyak

every litre you fill up yu save 10 and a half cents. When you think that the average pickup truck holds 80 litres and guys have to get more gas every week, we're talking about quite a bit of dough," said Omanyak.

University big wig breaks down, burns books

Holy s**t, what a bender. . .

Perhaps I should explain what I mean...Last weekend, I finally went drinking with probably the only person I haven't claimed to have gotten drunk with in this whole city, none other than the King of the University of Alberta, Small Divingboard.

Small called me on Friday afternoon, catching me in the middle of ripping up the floorboards of the paper I work at. Rumour has it that there is a rich cache of *Old Rotgut* under there from the good old days, and you know me...

So Divingboard says, "Hey Barely, I hear there's a great race happening tonight, and I've got a line on a dynamite number." I

had to take this action. After all, what's life without the horses? Quickly emptying my bottle of *Ole Porchpounder*, I raced out onto my Harley Softail and hit the road, though not before nailing down the floorboards again. My editor would throw a fit if she knew I was looking for her stash...

Divingboard was primed and ready to go when I got to the university. "I've just cut enrollment by 300 percent and raised tuition by another grand. Barely my boy, it's Miller time!"

It's good to see a man who enjoys his work so thoroughly like Divingboard. I only grinned in return. What could I say? We both get paid to behave drunkenly...



Barely Newsworthy

City Bleat

So we were just about at the track when Divingboard taps on my helmet. "Hey Barely, where're you going?"

"To the track, I thought you had a line on a number!" I screamed back.

Divingboard put down his bottle of New Orleans *Huile de merde*. "Yeah I said that, but I

didn't mean the horses!"

Divingboard was pissing me off by now. "Whattya mean not the horses? Where the hell are we going?"

Divingboard grinned around the lip of his bottle. "To Rutherford Library."

I didn't ask. There was no need, because I knew what Divingboard had in mind. It was his old hobby again, Library busting.

We drove up to the doors, not bothering to park, and smashed through them in an alcoholic haze. Behind me I could hear Divingboard's haunting laughter, taunting students who stood nearby. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," he chortled maniacally, "I'm gonna screw you all!"

Once inside the library, Divingboard and I ditched the bike, and ran up and down the aisles, spraying everything in sight with another of his favourite drinks, *Eau di flatulence*. That done we set the whole mess on fire, and stood back to watch it burn.

Divingboard had the look of a man possessed as the flames danced in his eyes. "Burn you pile of s**t! Burn to the ground! You're finally off my back!"

I left him there, singing and dancing. It's not good to mess with a man in his state. I decided to spend the rest of the night drinking with some old journalism buddies of mine I hadn't seen for at least a week...but that's another story.

Sunday Opinion

The
Edmonton
Journal

Publisher: Bobo Rabbit
Editor: Lindy Hage
Managing editor: Murdoch from The A²Team
Editorial page editor: Fart Duarquarson

EDITORIAL

Boy, are we stupid

Petre Packlington is about to do for Winnipeg what he did for Edmonton. Congratulations are in order.

Lord knows Mr. Packlington has found many a critical word in this space, but he has finally seen the light. His corporate greed has finally been shed in favour of a sense of social justice.

When Packlington built our championship team, he helped give Edmontonians a sense of identity. Hockey is now a cornerstone of our city, and it always will be. But we have reaped many other benefits from the Cup-winning Oilers, sadly at the expense of our neighbouring cities.

Then, two years ago, in a spirit of eternal giving, Packlington sold Gretzky to Los Angeles, and in doing so allowed the people of the fine city of Calgary to experience some of the joy of hockey victory that has graced our city. Now, it appears that beautiful Winnipeg may also profit from this move, as the Oilers appear primed to fall in the first round once again.

Some may fault Packlington for this, but in fact he should be commended. In a show of Western Canadian solidarity, he is giving our sister cities the opportunity to share in the joy of being champion.

It is time that cities such as Winnipeg and Calgary experienced the good fortune that has so unified our city.

We should be thankful to have been the first to be blessed with such good fortune. It's time to share the wealth; may we only wish that other can be so fortunate as to experience our happiness.

Go, Jets, go!



What the hell do I know?

Dear Spamm Lambers: I was really touched by the letter you received three years ago from the woman who was wondering about proper pluralization of the word "tomato." It has been on my mind ever since, and I need to tell you of how it saved my marriage.

My husband and I were at wit's end; we simply couldn't stop arguing. One night, after nearly two years of squabbles and just as we were finishing up a heated debate on turnips and rutabagas, he said to me, "how did all this start?" Suddenly I remembered the sour note that had begun it all: he came home and asked what was for dinner and I told him, "a to-mah-toe's salad." "That's to-may-tos salad," he replied. Stunned by his insensitivity, I immediately took

offense. Things were never the same.

Then I read that wonderful letter, and I saw light at the end of the tunnel. I showed it to Fred, and he had the same reaction. We have just finished twenty months of intensive vegetable therapy.

Now that my life's back in order, I just needed to thank you Spamm. — Marion, Pawtucket Rhode Island

Dear Marion: Letters like yours always reaffirm my faith in humanity. It always was one of my favorites as well.

Dear Spamm Lambers: Lately I've been lacking self-confidence, and I don't know where else to turn.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but just over this past



Spamm Lambers

Advice

decade my sense of values, my whole moral framework just seems shallow and distant from today's rapidly changing and often-complex world. Religion doesn't seem to help.

I feel like I might as well die for now, and maybe come back some other time. —Jesus Christ, Nazareth

Dear Christ: Rise up! Don't be such a stick in the mud. Turn to your friends, they won't betray you. You have so much to live for, and so little to gain by dying. Death would be the easy way out. Who knows: you could maybe president someday.

I'm glad you came to me for advice. If you need a friend, call. Remember, I'm here. Always.

CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Manically Depressed: Sorry I haven't had time to answer your letter yet—I've had some important things to take care of.

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Sunday Letters

EDITOR: Ralph Malph

Neighbourhood freaks

Now, I'm a pretty liberal guy and all, but the kinds of things that have been going on around my house in this city have me sincerely worried. Take my next door neighbour, for example.

He has this child — it seems like a little boy, but I'm not sure, because he never ever moves his lips when he talks, as if he has lockjaw or something. Anyway, he make this kid live in a treehouse in the backyard, with his dog no less! I've never seen him feed either of them. I don't know if either the humane society or Board of Health officials would approve.

Meanwhile, this inconsiderate man never seems to go to work, which makes me wonder how he makes his living. Instead he spends his days playing with coloured paper and dressing up in any one of a variety of dresses which he keeps in a big trunk. Often times

he will even dress up like a woman.

Personally, I don't think such behaviour should be allowed. If I were mayor, wouldn't let such strange behaviour go on in my neighbourhood. I definitely feel that something must be done.

I haven't honestly seen anything this bad since that giant guy down the street used to make his pet rooster live in a burlap sack.

Fred Rogers

You suck

I wish to complain about *Juorinal* columnist Fart Duarquarson's inaccurate and unobjective reporting of the facts in one of his articles that appeared on the Opinion page of the *Edmonton*

Juorinal's front section this past Sunday.

Mr. Duarquarson has, if he is not yet aware, a professional duty to be objective when writing his opinions. I am personally appalled that he could take the events of one particular evening, focus on one or two statements which might have significant meaning, and then write his opinion around them. He obviously can't keep his opinion out of his opinion columns.

If Mr. Duarquarson cannot keep his opinions to himself when writing his opinions column, then I suggest he quit. He obviously doesn't know what he is talking about.

C. Bitchly
Edmonton

Letters welcome To Ernie

The *Juorinal* welcomes letters from readers, especially ones which demonstrate how stupid they are. To help us print as much of the absolutely enormous correspondence we receive — it really is enormous, we're not lying or anything, over ten per day — we ask writers to keep their letters short. About the length of their

vocabulary. Letters must be signed by the writer, at least with an "X". We don't accept poetry or any other wankage on any topic.

The *Juorinal* wishes to thank whomever wrote the original version of the letter signed "F. Rogers." We lost the original and rewrote it from memory. Thanks.

Why did you guys drop *Spermie* from the comics page? Squid gags are the best. I haven't seen such a funny joke in years. It beats the hell out of *The Getaway*. Their cartoons suck.

Bring it back or I'll end my subscription.

Stu Dent
Edmonton

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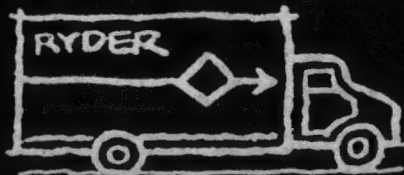
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Homes

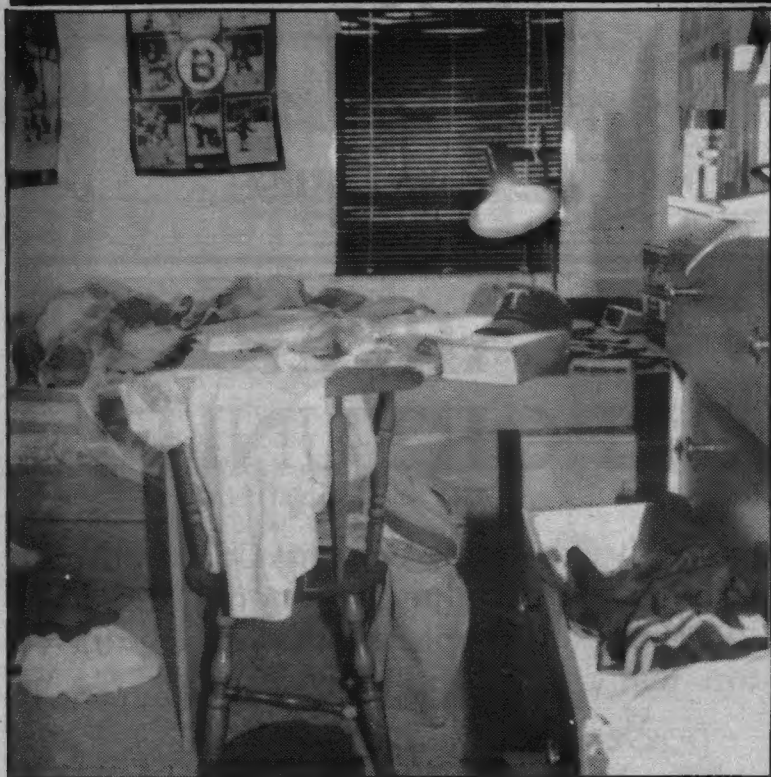
EDITOR: Viveinne Snowinoutski, 493-9000



B4

The Edmonton *Sunday* Journal

Sunday, April 8, 1990



Discriminating DU's choose casual elegance for bedroom decor.



Spacious and airy kitchen adds to modern lifestyle living.



The DU bathroom allows residents to relax in classic comfort.

Fraternity house provides luxurious living for Greeks

MAHATMA KANE JEEVES

Journal Staff Writer

86th Avenue, Edmonton

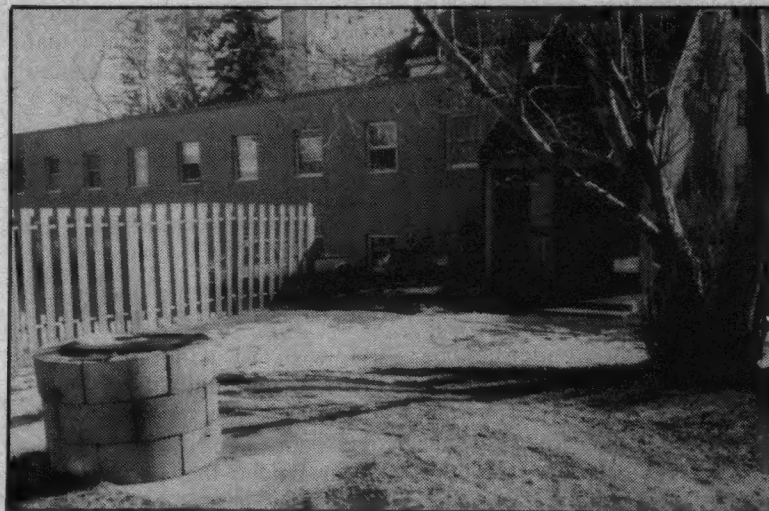
Academic lifestyle

Located in the heart of the prestigious Garneau neighborhood, the Delta Upsilon Fraternity House represents the quintessence of the academic lifestyle. This home away from home strikes a charming balance between campus and residential life.

The simple exterior of the house fuses unobtrusively with the diverse character of 86th Avenue. The choice of a natural tone for the exterior offers an unpretentious statement of innocence, while at the same time offering the benefit of a maintenance-free surface. A lightly stippled stucco adds a subtle texture to the outer walls.

Known affectionately as the "D.U. House" to friends and neighbors alike, it makes a simple architectural statement. The otherwise box-like exterior is highlighted by a peaked wall which faces the Avenue. The exquisite greek letters of Delta and Upsilon adorn the upper portion of the apex, drawing attention away from the circular window below.

Sumptuously maintained, the grounds of the home include an elevated bar-b-que pit, shrewdly separated from the yard with vegetation. In the car storage area, the concrete-jungle feel of pavement has been forsaken. In its place, a natural blend of gravel



Landscaping includes this mature tree.

and native soil awaits the fraternity auto fleet.

Architectural statement

The sitting room decor preserves the earth tone theme prevalent throughout this abode. The L-shaped sofa arrangement lends itself equally to television viewing and quiet conversation.

A large recreation room provides fraternity members the opportunity to unwind with amusements such as table tennis and table soccer. Serving as a striking reminder of the contemporary and young attitude of the house residents, a Batman logo decorates the smoothly polished floor.

A spacious kitchen and utility room round out the lower floor of the dwelling. A six-burner stove and four-slice toaster provide for the diverse appetite of the 14 house members.

Washrooms are located upstairs and down, with all featuring uncomplicated white fixtures. Two showers and a bank of five sinks upstairs accommodate the eager rush of young students off to morning classes.

Uncomplicated white fixtures

Each man living in the house has a secure and private bedroom to call his own. The 6 by 12 foot rooms are more reminiscent of a cruise-liner stateroom than a residence offering.

"Our members find the house to be an extraordinary experience, both for their academic and personal lives. To reside within walking distance of campus, in a well-designed home, affords them opportunities which others are denied," said Rolland Lequier, the fraternity president.

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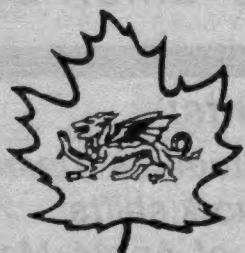
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Slick latex is the Stuff of Dreams

LYORNA SHORTER
Journal Staff Writer

Concom Truck

"The way I see it, if you're going to go into any kind of business, you have to enjoy what the business is all about."

Such is the philosophy of Ramsay Shields. You may not have seen him, but you've undoubtedly seen his work. Perhaps even used it. He works in your area of the city—he works in all areas of the city.

Shields is the person who refills condom vending machines for the metropolitan Edmonton area. And he loves his job.

"Some people hate condoms, but I think they're keen," says Shields. "I don't like finding them in the alley behind my 97th street apartment, but when they're all nice and cute and clean and in the wrapper, they're the best."

"Some people don't like the smell or the sliminess of the rubber, but it all comes down to caring in the end. And I like the texture of lubricated rubber. I find it endearing."

Shields starts his day early, usually around 5:30 in the morning. By 6:30 he is packing his truck, no one else in the condom warehouse out in the north end, and only the "squeak, squeak" of tightly-packed latex can be heard.

Shields works his way north to south in the city, usually filling his first vendor long before the sun comes up. It used to take him about ten hours to do the whole city, but his route was recently extended—to the high schools in St. Albert.

"I hate it when those (bleeping) high school kids blow them up like balloons," says Shields with a hint of contempt. "And St. Albert is kind of out of the way. The 'trail is a bummer."

He confesses that he doesn't make every single stop every day, or else his day would be eighteen hours long. "Some places, you don't have to go to every day 'cause no one buy them there, like the washrooms in the Catholic Churches. But I have to go to that (bleeping) Garneau district every day, almost every four (bleeping) hours," says Shields of Frat Hell, where the mating call "I'm so drunk, I'm so drunk!" can be audibly heard at any time of day.

When Shields' day is done, he enjoys the Edmonton nightlife — Labatts' Rubber Zone. And he says his job has some pretty good fringe benefits as well.

"After I come home from work I smell like rubber. But that's okay, 'cause non-oxynol-9 makes for great cologne. Chicks dig it; they can sense that you're not a risk."

LOAD 'EM UP



Ramsay Shields packs the goods

Rabbit hangs up chainsaw

CODGY RAMBLE
Journal Staff Writer

Carrot Pasture

Before any cries like "Aaaaaaaah'm gonna git that rabbit" could be vocalized, Bobo the Chainsaw Rabbit has decided to reform.

With a sly, toothy grin, Bobo confesses the reason for the change in his ways. "I want a BMW," he says wryly, "and chainsawing people just wasn't paying the bills. Contract killing isn't all it's cracked up to be."

"You'd think that rammin' the saw up good ol' Davvy's arsehole would be enough to make you a millionaire," complains Bobo, "but nobody cares about the fee increases like I thought."

Bobo has gone on a barrage of

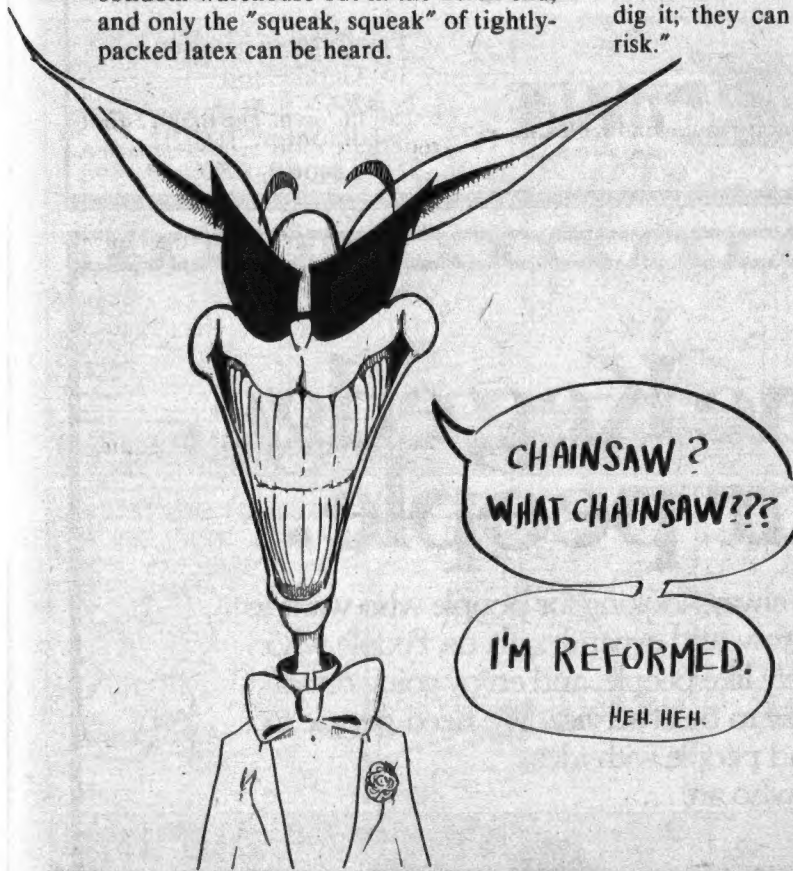
savage vigilante killings over the last scholastic year, with nary a word of thanks. His victims include bookstore cashiers, psychiatrists, obnoxious trick or treaters, Peter Puck, wailing babies, and others too numerous to mention.

"I'm offing the dregs of society," moans Bobo, "and nobody gives a (bleep)." Our beloved psychopathic rabbit is disillusioned at the apathy he sees on this campus. "I got off my ass and did something," says Bobo, "and nothing has changed. Frat boys are still assholes, business students are still obnoxious, arts students are still whiny, engineers are still sexist, science students still think they know it all, arts students are still whiny, medicine students are still self-regulating, arts students are still whiny...." Bobo finishes,

running out of breath and a tear running down his cheek.

"So (bleep) em," yells Bobo, "I'm lookin' out for number one." But somehow the voice of the maniacal rabbit is too menacing to be believed. Violence as genetically inbred as this cannot be shed at the drop of a mere decision. Maybe he's quitting the chainsaw, but violence altogether?

"Sometimes I get so mad," freaks Bobo, "I want to inflict more pain than a chainsaw ever could." He picks up a blunt stick. Visions of Bobo the bludgeoning rabbit swim through my head. Evil University people beware, contract killing isn't all its cracked up to be. Sometime a psycho rabbit's gotta do what a psycho rabbit's gotta do.





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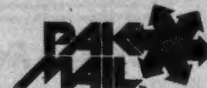
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HOROSCOPE By OMAR KDAHFFYDUCK**ARIES (May 21-April 19):**

You may feel that everything is coming in at you at once, but by the end of the week you'll have a brain aneurism, so it'll be OK. Gemini will bring you flowers, or shoot you, or not show up at all.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20):

Your rash decisions may set you into trouble and cause you to serve a 15 year sentence for manslaughter, or you might profit from it.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20):

The stars are mysterious. Ohmm. Your future is hazy and unclear. Try to stay indoors and avoid any motion for the next week or so.

CANCER (June 21-July 22):

You know, I haven't got the slightest idea what will happen to you-somebody tore a page from my star charts. Try living your life like a normal person and make your own damned decisions for a change.

LEO (July 23-August 22):

Oooh. I wouldn't want to be you today. Jesus, that's so bad I don't even want to talk about it. I'm glad none of my friends are Leos. Wow.

VIRGO (August 23-Sept 22):

People will snigger under their breath when they hear what your star sign is.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22):

You will go directly to jail. You will not pass go. You will not collect \$200.00.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21):

Friends from Satan are working to destroy you. A plague of pestilence is descending on your home, a nest of centipedes awaits you, your mind shall be poisoned, and your blood will curdle like cream. You are one sorry son of a bitch.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

Today you will eat all the vegetables you don't like, with lots of melted Velveeta. Okra, Lima beans, lentils, and turnips included. Eat the up-lots and lots of them.

And watch some Milli Vanilli videos while you do. Barf, barf.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

You will have a day to remember forever with a member of the opposite sex. Your most passionate and erotic fantasies will be fulfilled. Unfortunately, you will think of Brian Mulroney just as come.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

You will come into an enormous amount of money and will achieve massive amounts of money and will achieve amounts of respect and admiration, unless you don't, in which case today will be rather like yesterday and the week before.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20):

You will take advice from someone who claims that objects millions of miles away can have a direct effect on your personal life. You will become stupid and superstitious as a result.

If today is your birthday: You will read this. In fact, even if today isn't your birthday you'll still read this.

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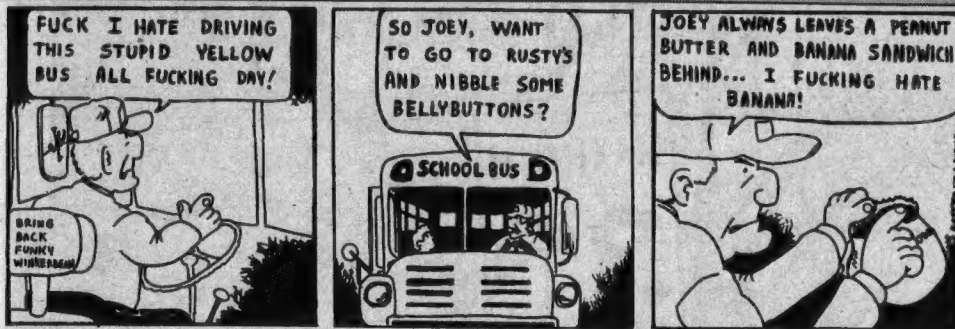
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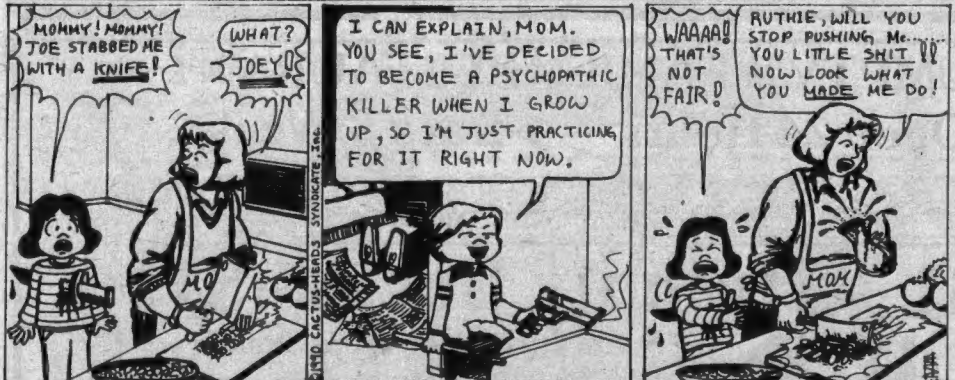
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CANADIAN BRIDGE By NED HORNBY

CRAFTY CHEATING

Today's declarer was not at all unhappy about his contract when the dummy came down, because he had planned for the really rotten deal that he got.

First of all, since it was an afternoon game, he decided they would play outside, and slyly offered his opponents mirror sunglasses, saying, "they look really cool." Now he would be able to see all his

would be to hose over the other players. Using the signalling method that he had designed with his partner ("cough" equals spades, "sneeze" equals clubs, "throat clearing" equals hearts, and "sigh" equals diamonds), he then excused himself to the bathroom (circumnavigating the table on the way just to be sure) and reached into the empty box of Kleenex under the sink, where they had hidden an identical deck of cards. He then took the cards he needed and returned to the game.

East took the ace of clubs and returned the jack of diamonds. This was good news to North, who promptly laughed in his face as he threw down his jack of diamonds.

Then, at exactly two-thirty as planned, the phone rang. North, a gracious and unassuming host, answered the phone even though he knew the call was for East, because he had paid his spouse to do so. East went to the phone, and South distracted West by offering to show her the new upholstery in the trunk of his Datsun Lovebug. North then promptly burned all cards that might have garnered any points for the opposing team.

To suggest that the hand fell apart is quite accurate. Not only that, it took quite a while before West knew just how bad things were. On the lie of the cards, West might have made three no trump had he chosen that rebid. However, he was stymied by only having three cards and a piece of chewing gum wrapper in his hand.

Get with it, this is the nineties. Greed works. Those (bleep) holes next door beat you at this stupid game every night. Aren't you sick of it yet? There is only one sure way of winning, and this is it. Get even.

Questions on bridge can be sent to Ned Hornby, but that doesn't mean he will pay any attention. A three-figure cheque payable to Ned Hornby might get you somewhere faster than most, though.

THE HAND

North-South vulnerable.
West deals

NORTH
 ♠ Void
 ♥ KQ87
 ♦ J975
 ♣ 87653

WEST
 ♠ AKQ1087
 ♥ AJ109
 ♦ 2
 ♣ Q4

EAST
 ♠ J9432
 ♥ 32
 ♦ Q1064
 ♣ J9

SOUTH
 ♠ 65
 ♥ 654
 ♦ AK83
 ♣ AK102

W N E S
 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Dble
 3 ♥ 4 ♥ 4 ♠ Dble
 Rdle 4 NT Pass 5 ♣
 Pass Pass Dble Pass

Opening lead: King of spades

opponents' cards, although it takes a clever mind to invert the images mentally. This move requires practice.

With split spade honours and normal distributions, South realized how easy it

HERMUND

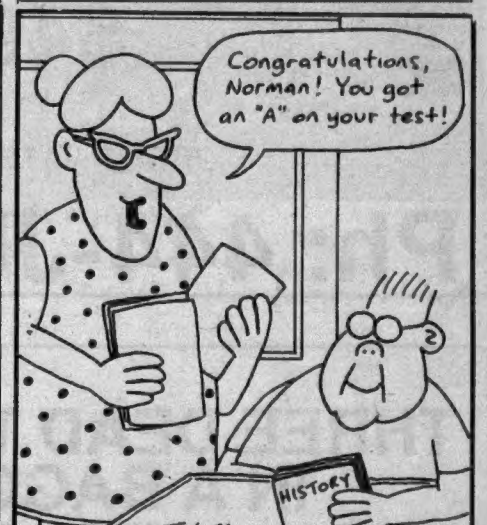


Okay...which bozo put REAL bullets in the starter's pistol?

TODAY IN HISTORY

One hundred and twenty years ago today, former Prime Minister of Canada Sir John A. MacDonald got drunk in the Government Lounge on Parliament Hill. Actually he did that a lot. Like everyday almost. He also had a lot of trouble handling his money. On this day a couple of years later Louie the Great Canadian Loan Shark paid him a visit. Sir John Eh, a notable diplomat in such situations, said to Louie, "Listen, I have a bit of an inside track on this railway deal. You want in?" Unfortunately for both men, Louie didn't buy his story, and gave the nation-building Scotsman a fistful of blood pudding. Sir John Eh then went back to the Government Lounge, drank a whole bottle of Lochan Ora, and went to Parliament Studios to pose for the portrait which now appears on the Canadian ten dollar bill. Neato, eh?

THE FARCE SIGH



Yesterday in History Class

Also on this day in:
 1962 — U.S. President John F. Kennedy was quoted as saying, "Ask not what your country can do for you, you unmotivated leech. You're nothing but a drain on the system. I don't pay my tax dollars to support the likes of you!"

1988 — Alberta Premier Dong Etty, on the fourteenth hole at the Derrick Golf and Country Club, misjudged a five-iron shot which landed in the backyard of a neighbouring house. When Etty went to retrieve the ball, the kids in the yard wouldn't give it back to him. They made him say, "Pretty please with sugar on top, and promise to kiss my foot." Etty complied, and then the kids took the ball inside the house and locked the doors, yelling, "You loser!"

50 000 B.C. — Ag invented the floor.

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ROADWAY UPROAR



A construction worker begins Keillor Road freeway upgrading.

Eds Buns The Journal

Keillor becomes freeway

Cars to drive fast

Journal Staff

Corner of 78 Avenue and Sask. Dr.
A threatened voter revolt has forced a rapid turnaround in city council's position on the Keillor Road debate.

The quiet river valley road was closed this morning, to undergo a week of intensive renovations. Next Wednesday, it will reopen as the Keillor/Saskatchewan Freeway.

"It's about time the needs of west-end commuters took precedence over those of 15 snobs who live on Saskatchewan Drive," said Jerry Snobhater, the head of the city transportation department.

Saskatchewan Drive residents are particularly unimpressed with the decision. Spokesman Ben Hunchingson said "the didn't even have the decency to give us a nearby offramp."

The second phase of the Keillor/Saskatchewan Freeway construction will be undertaken in July and August. Hawrelak Park will be paved over to make way for a four-level interchange at Groat Road.

Income Tax not needed

SUE P. D'JOOR
Journal Staff Writer

7th floor, Canada Place

Revenue Canada officials say they've got enough money for this year.

"So many people have paid their taxes this year, that we've collected a record amount," said Bill Black.

For those who have yet to file their 1989 returns, "don't bother," said Black. "The money will just go to waste, because we've already got more than enough."

Black thanked the early filer for their promptness and generosity, and invited them to do the same next year.



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no joke

CAMPUS BLOTTER

Coins located in HUB

Uniformed security officers recovered two coins from the floor of HUB Mall on Tuesday. "I just looked down to tie my shoe, and there they was," said John Vague. Officer Vague alertly rescued the cash, storing it in his own pocket until it could be locked into the University vault. Asked about his heroic honesty, Vague replied, "It's just my job."

The denominations of the coins are being withheld.

Rowdy reports rise

"Campus 5-0" officers were called to the elevated nightspot 28 times last week, to deal with over-indulgent patrons. That number was up from 27 the week prior. "It's too early to determine if there's an upward trend," said Campus Security director Mark Marksman.

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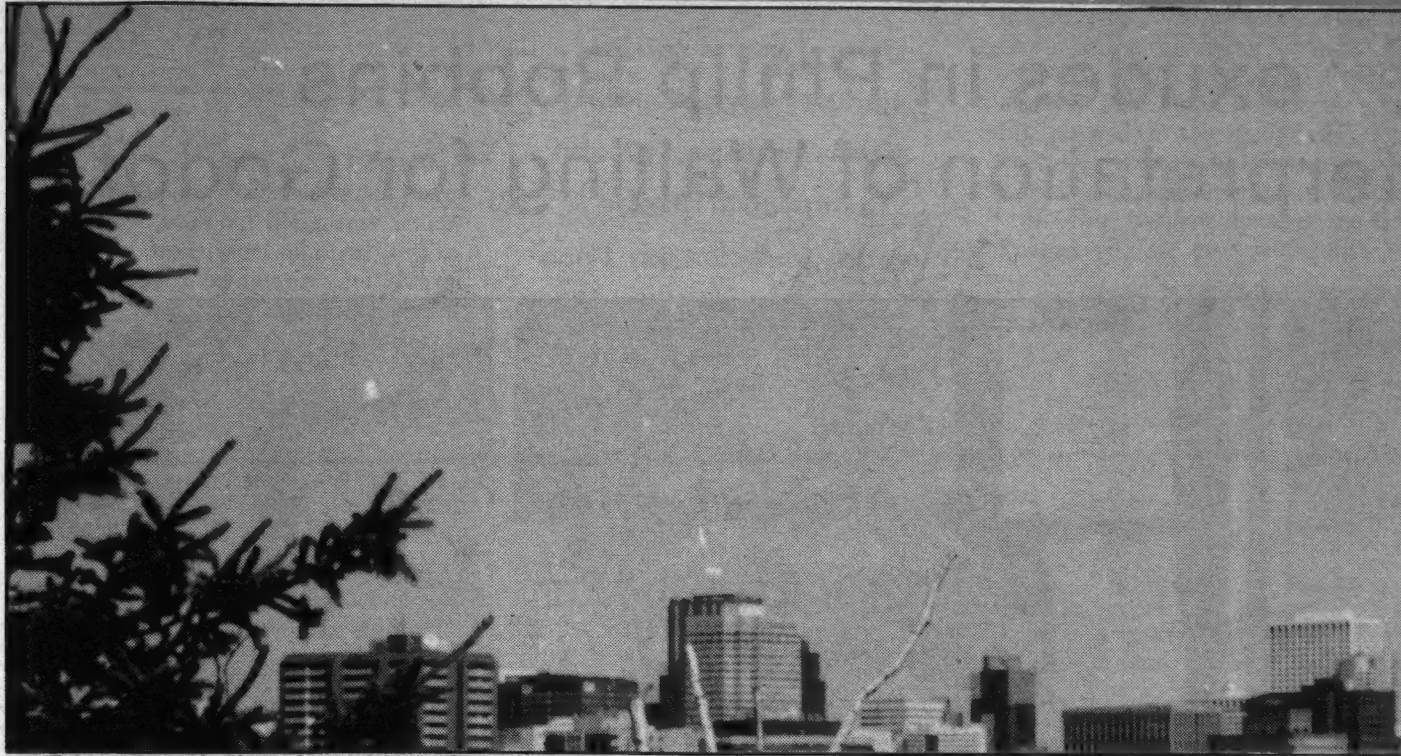
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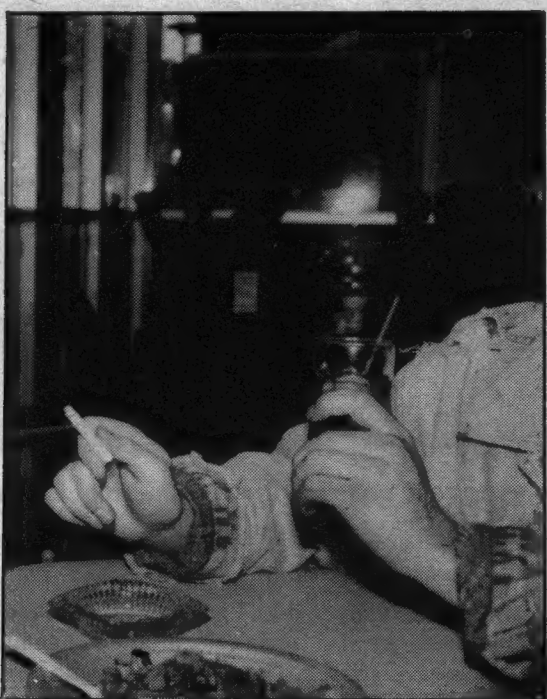
Juornals' blind photogrpher
Cec Notten went out on cam-
pus to capture these images.

The Edmonton *Sunday* Juornal

Sunday, April 8, 1990



1. Edmonton skyline viewed from Saskatchewan Drive.



2. A bar patron relaxes after hours
of intense studying.



3. Here he intended to capture people quietly studying?!



4. His panoramic view looking south down 114 st(geez....look out Cec)



5. His portraz of two old printing
presses in Fine Arts Building.

Review

Waiting For Godot
The ever-horny
Vladimir and Estragon
Directed by Philip Robbins
Citadel Shocking Theatre
Till it stops

Lix Nippols
Journal Staff Writer

Edmonton

I realize that the following review may seem obsequious from a professional theatre critic, but under the circumstances I believe I have no recourse but to fall prostrate at the altar of one of Canada's most esteemed directors and tremble in awe before the brilliance of Philip Robbins.

In his latest production, currently on the Shoctor stage, Robbins has revitalized a somewhat empty modern classic with his uniquely personal vision. Robbins' relentlessly graphic presentation of sexual mania, considered a debilitating preoccupation in his style by less educated persons, has uncovered a whole new range of subtlety not inherent in Beckett's emotionally claustrophobic script. Robbins has staged a stunning re-examination of the permutations and combinations—that's perms and combs among the hip *literati*—of human relationships in an important, contemporary context.

Beckett's seedy tramps in a desolate, unlocalized landscape have been transformed into two venal salesmen in one of those oh so absurd and over-chromified margarita dispensing establishments. That they both suffer from congestive post-nasal drip is perhaps Robbins' most brilliant innovation; when the characters speak the words "waiting for Godot," the medial consonant of the proper name is transmuted into a frustrated nasal, rendering the text "waiting for gono." This striking truncation of the venerable disease—another example of truly hip lingo—reveals a much larger and more meaningful metaphor than Beckett's original: in the great singles' bar of life, we all await a sexually transmitted disease. Of course, neither of the tramps, now wanna-be Trumps, has the slightest idea when or from where their date with destiny will come, forgive the pun, arrive, and that is the horrific spectre which overshadows this play. Their shallow, superficial lives, temporarily interrupted by interludes of genital gratification—a kind of absurd inversion of *coitus interruptus*,—are revealed in all their plastic paucity and ridiculousness.

The actors who play Vladimir and

Sex exudes in Philip Robbins interpretation of Waiting for Godot



Vladimir and Estragon tango, no Lambada, in Philip Robbin's sexually charged interpretation of Samuel Bucket's *Waiting for Godot*, no Gono, at the Citadel Shocking Theatre.

Estragon in this abstracted neon landscape are to be commended for the dedication they display to Robbins' direction. Virtually every movement appears to be motivated by the phallus and perfectly captures the malaise of the modern era. They also manage to wring uncharacteristic humour out of the episode in which they contemplate hanging themselves, in this production, from a potted fig tree—that's a *fiscus* for those keeping score—in the bar. Of course most of Beckett's other gags suffer to some degree by this treatment,

especially the passing of hats (no self-respecting yuppie male would actually wear a hat except at a ball game), but if you're going to make an omelette, you have to break eggs. Lucky's act one speech delivered by a lachrymose drunk in the clutches of a brutal bouncer, is another comic highlight of this production.

A deeply philosophical nuance exploited in this production is the unpredictable, periodic intrusion of the disc jockey's—that's dee-jay's—public address—p.a.—system, amplifying the actors' speech with-

out apparent reason. I have to admit I didn't get it but that doesn't mean that it wasn't the product of genius.

Local directors (with one notable exception who has already learned this lesson) would do well to study Robbins' technique. It seems beyond question in his capable hands that the principal motivation of all human activity is sexual appetite. Black leather, garter belts and edible underwear—sweet briefs—are totems for the age.

I don't know why I write this stuff, I just do

Life has been a bit uneventful for me lately. I haven't had a good chance to pillory any volunteer organizations in recent months, so you can sympathize when I say that I haven't been in peak form for quite a while.

Plus, I've been worrying about my columns. You see, I have this vague suspicion that nobody reads beyond the second paragraph of any of my columns, for reasons that I can't quite fathom, except for maybe that my writing is tedious and pointless.

Well, since the *raison d'être* for this column, other than to fill space, is something to do with politics, finance and the arts (I haven't quite figured it out yet), I'll bore you with some snippets of conversations I've had with local artsy types and



Alan Frosted Flakes
(circa 1935)

Vacuous
Whimpering

the variety of bureaucrats who collectively constitute the culture community of this fair land.

Last week, I got to mouth a lot of vaguely liberal platitudes over a bowl of gin with Jack Shit, head of the Alberta

office of the Canadian Endowment Fund for the Promotion of Canadian Film and Video (provided that its politically correct and not too, you know, Quebecois). He let me in on the mood he's been sensing lately out West, that the East has been screwing us royally (what else is new).

He was quite peeved with the Genies, who gave the whole kit-and-caboodle to some French guy who makes movies about sex and religion. Jack figures there's no way this guy can make a name for Canadian cinema in Hollywood (he doesn't even have the good sense to make his movies in English).

Mr. Shit, whose connections to the artsy bureaucrat establishment are too numerous to give a (bleep) about, told me that if those Eastern clods had any brains, they

would award films that are safe, sentimental, in English—that is, commercial.

He also filled me in on the right-wing mumblings he's been hearing since that pig farmer took over the feds' culture committee. Seems like all of the grants that keeps this country's culture afloat are being carefully examined to see if, and I use his words, "any fat can be trimmed". As if art is like bacon. I don't know what that means, but it sure sounds clever.

Are you still reading? Lord knows why. Go watch *Man Alive* ore something. I'm going to take a nap, then I have an appointment with a sound poet from PEI who wants to gripe about the lack of federal handouts for "Maritime artists". I'll tell you about it next week if I still have this job.

Yes, this a joke! This isn't really *The Journal*.

What you didn't care to know about Ronny Reagan

Review

Anal Intruder
by Hazel Maxbottom
Crabtree Publishing

Lynn Van Lovin'
Journal Staff Writer

Edmonton

In her first book, *Soviet Intruder*, Hazel Maxbottom, explored the seamy underworld of international politics. In her second book, *Naval Intruder*, Hazel Maxbottom revealed the hidden sexual docking habits of a fleet of American ships in the Pacific. *Anal Intruder* presents the seamy underworld of Ronald Reagan's docking habits during his rise to power from an actor to a governor to the President of the United States. Hazel Maxbottom sizzles in *Anal Intruder*, printed by Crabtree Publishing.

The plot is fortunately quite simple, as Maxbottom tells the sordid tale of Ronald Reagan's governorship, which started quite hopefully in 1966, in a broom closet with former governor Mel Dinklescherry and several internal secretaries. After Reagan's first offense, his docking habits become more frequent as he works his way into the government of California, convincing bills to be passed in his favor thanks to the mighty strength of his manly heft, and the thunderous ejaculations which convinced many lobbyists that Ronald Reagan would be The Man in the White House in 1981. And so it came to pass, and two years after his exit from international politics Hazel Maxbottom publishes the story behind the man who pushed and gruted his way to the top.

Maxbottom introduces Reagan's peculiar sex requests of first wife Jane Wyman, whom close pals of Reagan nick-named Jane Whiner, due to her enunciation of the word "Ronnie." Maxbottom suggests that Reagan's favorite directors were willing to promote and star the actor due to his prowess and masculinity. Ronald Reagan spent no time in the waiting room. Soon he was head of the Screen Actors Guild, and held the backdoor to Hollywood.

Maxbottom has done some extensive research for *Anal Intruder* and finds some of Reagan's old school chums from Eureka College, Illinois, and uncovers their secret thoughts about the actor who would be President of the one of the most crime-ridden countries in the world. "Did anybody notice how inflation increased from the moment Ron shot his first movie in 1937 until his inauguration, forty four years later?" comments Dick Bumbudi, exercising his right to speak freely and critically. "Ever notice how the communists started to infiltrate Hollywood in the 40s

This book review is really gross. So if you're anally retentive, easily offended or just a plain prude, don't read it. And, above all, don't complain.

with Ron opening the backdoor to Hollywood?" asked another old close friend of Reagan who refused to be named, "Ever notice how Jane Wyman walks funny now?"

Maxbottom has written the most revealing biography of the Reagan years, showing the gritty narrow path Reagan had to climb to become the most influential President in years. Discover the real bare

story on how Reagan almost convinced the Senate to let him enter a third term, all the while impaling secretaries of both sexes, from New York to Texas. Maxbottom doesn't hide anything, and the fifteen pages of pictures explore the intricacies of his administration. It also includes the comment he made when asked in 1987 about whether he supports safe sex and the use of condoms: "I'm the President of the United States of America! I don't need a (bleeping) condom!"

In *Anal Intruder* discover the Ronald Reagan you are glad you didn't know.

This sexual psychodrama by Hazel Maxbottom will have children stricken with fear across the country (remember all the babies he kissed?), and more secretaries and senate members will be in chiropractic therapy to correct their funny, bow-legged walk. *Anal Intruder* is a contemporary horror story, full of rear-entry Air Force docking drills, and commentary from some of Reagan's oldest friends. Jane Wyman summed up the book best in a scene from Ronald Reagan's first movie, *Love is on the Air*, when she said, while leaning out a window, "Gosh, that hurts!"

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Puke, gag, hork, spit, yuck

Review

Ernest Develops a Pulmonary Tumor
Starring Ernest, you loser
At a theatre
Guess the Stars

Mark Horking
Journal Staff Writer

Edmonton

Before I went to *Ernest Develops a Pulmonary Tumor*, I went to the little spot in the Eaton Centre movie lobby—you know, the one where you pay \$2.95 for a selection of any four of the Chinese/Japanese/Oriental/Ukrainian dishes that sit in the little metal trays under heat lamps. A few friends and I sat around and shot the crap for a while, consuming these delectable commestibles, of which I would particularly recommend the perogies.

Oh yeah. The movie.

Beat me with a rubber hose. Put me on bread and water. Sledgehammer iron spikes under my fingernails. Point at me and make derogatory remarks about my diminutive hairline. I will not say anything good about *Ernest Develops a Pulmonary Tumor*.

It was boring, pointless, grindingly stupid, painfully dull—everything. I was heading out to the candy counter every forty nanoseconds. Thank God I brought my razor blades. If I hadn't been able to make painful, three-inch incisions along my arms to take my mind off the inanity on the screen, I would have turned inside out and exploded with disgust, showering the similarly unimpressed audience with my somewhat pretentious but still chatty

and accessible innards.

The plot, if this drooling glob of spittle can be dignified as such, goes as follows: Ernest M. Worrel, that simpleton from the Gainers commercial, contracts pulmonary cancer and dies. He then rots for a good third of the film, and then in what is possibly the most tasteless sequence ever imagined in any medium, he is brought to heaven where he gives the Virgin Mary a high-protein tonsil wash. He then spits the tumor up and returns to earth and takes a job as a mid-level executive doing insurance features. Truly a cinematic triumph.

The stench of death wafted through the theatre was a testament to those less fortunate than myself. This is probably the worst created thing anywhere, any time, by anyone. There should have been a sign warning away any object with base level cellular activity. I couldn't vomit because my sweet 'n' sour pork balls refused to expose themselves to this drivel. Do you have to ask how many stars?



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- Become a leader in the student movement.
- Make presentations on educational issues from the student perspective.
- Benefit personally from the chance to practice, improve, & perfect your public speaking
- Find this volunteer opportunity fun, rewarding & challenging.

DATES TO REMEMBER!

- Monday, May 7 - @ 7pm in L'express
- Come out to an introductory meeting to learn all about this campaign
- Friday, May 11 - Sunday, May 13
- This will be a weekend retreat to a cabin resort where we will meet with the other volunteers from U of C & U of L. We will hold workshops on public speaking, educational issues & leadership.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO CONFIRM YOUR INTEREST IN BEING A PART OF THE CAMPAIGN, CALL FLO, JAMIE, OR WADE @ 492-4236.

A Summer you won't forget.



Council of Alberta University Students



DEWEY'S



PUB-DELI

HUB MALL

Local acts ignore metal roots



**Hellen
Metallica**

Miss
Information

I'm getting depressed thinking about all that vinyl pollution contributed to the environment by the very industry that pays my wages, so I think I'll project my angst on the local music scene.

The problem with Edmonton's local music scene is that all the artists fail to realize that all good pop/rock/folk songs are basically speed metal bombasts just bursting to be free. If you can take a particular folk song, for example, and strip it down to its bare metallic bones—and it still works—it has the makings of a great folk song. To put this in more concrete terms, let's discuss what would happen if one removed all the excessive acoustic guitar layerings from a Joan Baez ballad, and added the requisite distortion, wah, and feedback. The result would be one searing, moshing, metal monster of a song that could put Slayer to shame.

Edmonton's band's are too busy doing the exact opposite. Local rock quintet Bros. of Perspiration are consumed with writing all their music on acoustic guitars, while performing them on electric guitars through distortion, much like Seattle-based quartet Corn Huskers do. As a result, the Bros. will never achieve the understated anger of a Baez ditty, because they want everything to be a folk song, while Baez realizes the metallic roots of all music.

Other local bands have the same problem. Sextet Nowhere Flowers disguise and stifle their inherent metallicness through this

layering of power pop and electric roots. Like, gag me with a spoon, fer sure!

All local bands should have been at last summer's Metallica concert, where they could have seen me rocking out to the heavy riffs of that New York duo. After

I had my fingers surgically removed from each inner ear cavity, I came to the sudden revelation that this is what all good music should sound like. Too bad local Edmonton band's don't realize the same. But who cares, because they all suck anyway.

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THE UPS AND DOWNS

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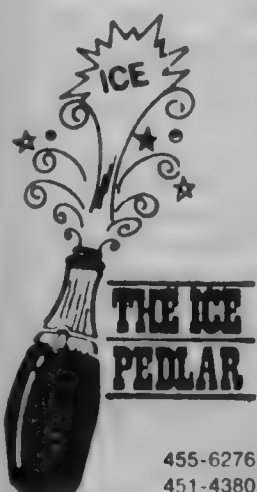
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Fuzzy balls make big impact

CELERY STALK
Journal Staff Writer

SUN

First it was rhythmic gymnastics, then bare-knuckle alligator wrestling, and now it's the most violent sport of all—nerf hoop.

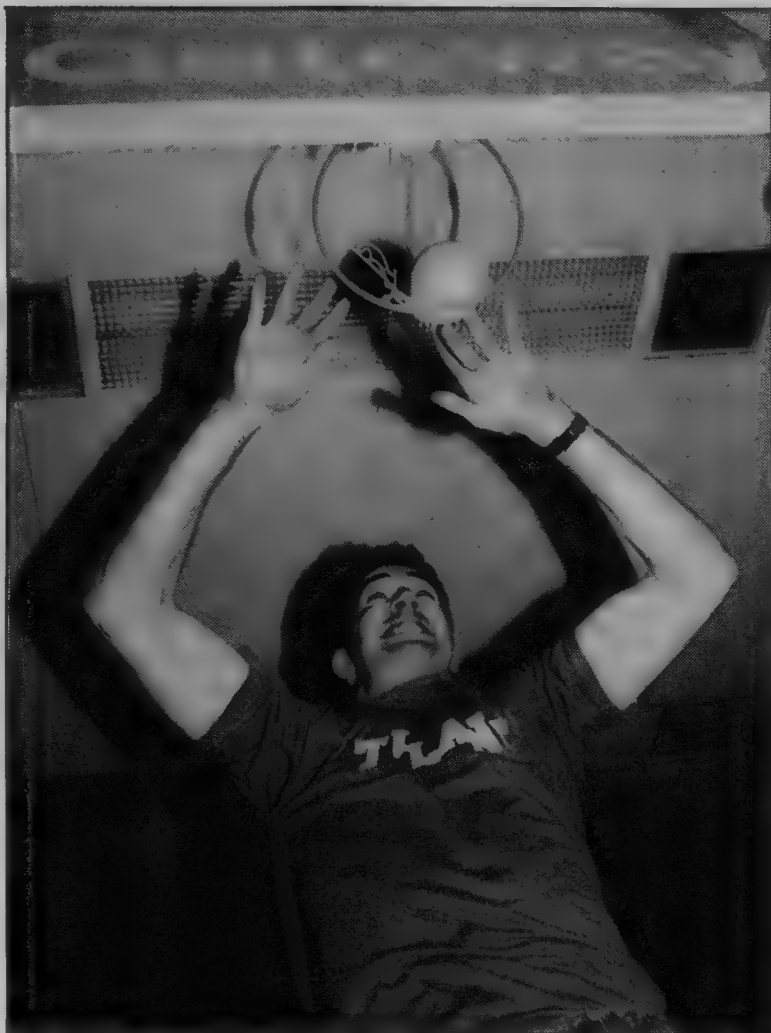
The International Olympic Committee is considering adding nerf hoop as a demonstration sport in the 1992 Olympics in Spain.

The head of the IOC, Juan Sponje Fello, said that the sport originated in *The Gateway* newspaper office. "They weren't satisfied setting their hoop up over the trashcan like everybody else. They insisted on putting it up over the front door of the office."

Nerf hoop developed quickly with the addition of a masking-tape key and three-point line. Nerf one-on-one was extremely unpopular due to the noise level, the space requirement, and the collisions caused with people trying to use the door.

"Can you believe it? People wanted to use the low post as a doorway," said Pill Phreville, former *Gateway* editor, and one-on-one king. Phreville's elbows also contributed to the unpopularity of one-on-one, as he hospitalized three opponents in one week, including SU commissioner Phlow Pasture. "Hey, it's a tough game," said Phreville.

Nerf twenty-one took over as the next big sport. It solved the space and noise problems, as well as avoiding front-entry collisions. "This way, visitors only risked



Phil Slamma Jamma. "Elbows" Phreville shows his stuff

getting a little tiny foam ball on the head, instead of a little tiny foam ball followed by 320 lbs. of mixed editors," said Scandal Matters, former editor and twenty-one champeen.

The problem with twenty-one turned out to be one of boredom. "It's dull," said BJ Oddjob, former sports editor and top contender, "but I'm good at it."

The latest game is volley-racquet-basket-bucket-ball. It is a variation on twenty-one, except players must hit the ball like a volleyball against the basketball backboard, then through the hoop, or "bucket." No one is sure where "racquet" came from, although one office wag suggested it may have come from a misspelling of the word "racket" due to the noise created.

"It's good, but I'm dull at it," said Ronk Uppers, former editor and volley-racquet-basket-bucket-ball titleholder, "You've got to be stolid and imperturbable in order to win."

The Gateway is hoping to start a Campus Rec league for the sport. "We've got a killer squad," said Bobby Klobber, incoming editor and backboard smasher.

"He still owes me for a hoop," said Phreville.



Curly Sears says, "Where's Moe and Larry?"

The Results

BASEBALL

Philadelphia Toronto 8
NY Mets 12 Montreal
San Diego 11 California
Trappers? Tigers 2

On The Air

PLAY
OFFS: All
week—L.A.
Kings vs.
Calgary
Flames



Jets jackhammer-stomp Oilers

MARK SPECTATOR
Journal Staff Writer

Strathcona

Alberta Bound was blaring at the Winnipeg Jets practise yesterday. It was spot on, too, because the Jets were leaving on the road again on a jet plane.

But it was Home Sweet Home for Jets assistant Clare Duck. Duck, longtime coach of the U of Eh Yellow Bears, was homeward bound and looking to be King of

the Hill.

The Jets had just turned to Oilers' knees to butter and were mopping up the floor with them like they were standing still in Game Four of The Smythe Division Semi Final.

"Yes," said Duck.

"We did some things well," said Duck, "and they did some things well, but we were able to adjust, and of course there was the powerkilling and penaltyplay, but that's not to say the referee

did a bad job, it's just that we felt there were certain things which...uh, I'm sorry what was the question again?" said the ex-Bears-mentor famed for his messy desk and winner of tons of Canada West titles.

Duck's sister-in-law Jolene once won a tobacco-juice spitting contest in the ancestral hometown of Foam Lake, Sask. "Clare always was shorter than me," she said in a telephone interview from Edmonton, using operator-assist-

ed person to person during non-peak hours. Appropriately enough, Randy Newman's "Short People" was blaring in the background.

"Well, it ain't over till it's over," said Yogi Berry in a telephone call from Houston, Tex., in a blatant waste of the *Jurnul's* long-distance budget.

But for now, you can just call the Jets "Road Warriors," or "the Jets."



"Gnat"
King
Cole

Poor Sports

Harold (bleeping) croaks

Toronto

The first story I ever heard about Harold Ballard involved the Leafs' owner, age 53 at the time, getting caught pulling his goalie in an O'Hare airport washroom with a pint of Old Tennessee Bourbon, a Hustler magazine, and a Kansas City Scouts souvenir guide.

Pal Hal, unrepentant as usual, was have reported to have said, "(bleep) off, you (bleeping) little (bleep)shit (bleep)hole."

That story summed up the personality of one of the least liked human beings since Cain, at least among Maple Leafs fans.

(Bleep)-disturber

Don Cherry, impressario, clothes-horse, and general all-round (bleep)-disturber, said "The (bleep) of a (bleep), I remember the time he kicked my dog (bleep) right in its little (bleep) hole. I was so mad I shot his (bleep) damn (bleep) off. (Bleep) (bleep) (bleep) (bleep)."

I always thought Cherry was a pain in the ass anyway. Who needs his opinion? To be fair I decided to check out what other people of Hal's past thought. Excuse them if they seem somewhat elated.

Darryl Sittler, ex-Leafs' captain, expressed similar sentiments to Cherry's. "(Bleep) I hated that (bleep)-sucker. I'm glad he (bleeping) croaked."

So Sittler's a raving loonie. What does he know? Let's get another opinion.

A local sports personality, who asked that his name not be revealed, said "Harold Ballard? What are you trying to say? Are you asking me for an opinion about Harold Ballard? Harold was more interesting in (bleeping) young chicks (like 58-year old Yoda) than drafting new talent for the team."

Punch Imlach, ex-General Manager of the Leafs, was hysterical with joy upon hearing of Ballard's death. "(Bleep)in'-a, bubba!"

On his death bed, Ballard had few words of encouragement for his many-scattered progeny. "(Bleep) you all, you gold-diggers! Buy your own team! I (bleep)ed the Leafs for years while I was alive, and I can do the same to you when I'm dead.

"Accckkk!!"

R.I.P. you (bleep).

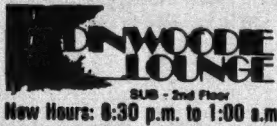
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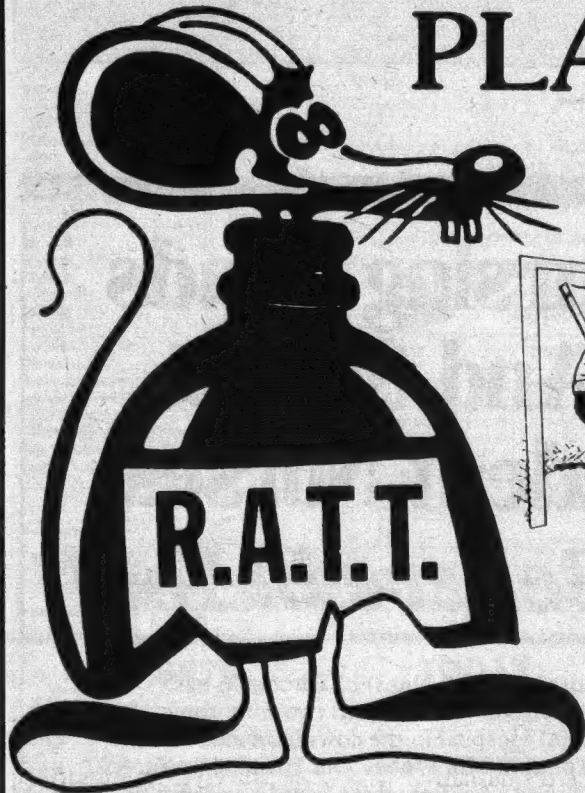
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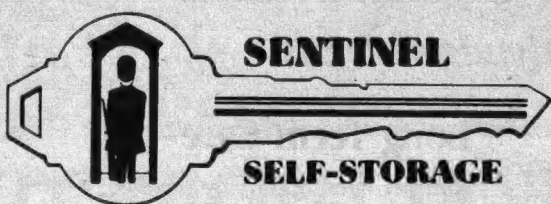
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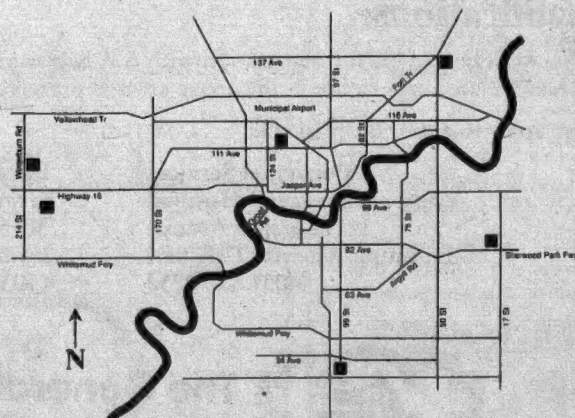
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Edmonton, Alberta

Thorsby RCMP have not yet released the name of the man killed in a car accident on Thursday night

Journal Staff

Police have yet to release the name of the man killed Thursday in a single vehicle rollover.

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Short
John

Sports
Blather

Kisses ass

It's Wednesday, April 11th., Our Beloved Oilers are down three games to one to Winnipeg, and the Hated Flames have just been blown out in Wayne's World 12-4, and trail the Upstart Kings by a similar 3-1 deficit. If you're a hockey fan like me, you're asking yourself "What the (bleep)'s going on?" People call me on the radio all the time, and say, "What the (bleep)'s going on?"

The Jets are truly a no name bunch. They are a lunch pail hockey team. An anonymous lot. Faces in the crowd. Role players. Castoffs and grinders in the big, hard, cold, cruel world of the National Hockey League. Even their one player with a legitimate big league nickname Shawn Cronin (The Barbarian) gets no respect, and when you think about it, why should he! After all this is a guy dumb enough to fight Dave Brown...twice!

Put yourself in the Beloved Oilers place. Try to walk a mile in their shoes. Think what it must be like for them. Fifty years from now you have your grandson on your knee, and he asks the question, "How did you lose to the Jets?!"

"Well, because Kelly Buchberger was our best forward." It was true last night, as the soldiers came through. Corporal Buchberger and Sergeant MacTavish.

As bad as it is if you're an Oilers fan. It could be worse. You could be a Flames fan. I have two old acquaintances—and let's face it, I don't have any young ones—who support the defending Stanley Cup champions, and they're on the verge of mental breakdown; I suppose this analogy puts everything into perspective...the only thing worse than losing to Los Angeles is losing a Cheer for Beer to divinity students.

Dear old dad

My father likes the Kings. He says it's because of the Great One. Wayne. Gretzky. WG. My Pal. I feel, though, that it's because the Kings have some guys, on their team, who were playing when my dad was in, Grade Two, which, by the way, was the longest three years of his, life.

The Kings are really oooooold. If you want proof, just watch a highlight reel of the team, and count how many times you hear the phrase "old war horse." Or "grizzled veteran."

Regardless, the Kings and the Jets appear to be on the verge of pulling off upsets, and if you had told me that was going to happen, and that Dave Taylor was going to outscore Mark Messier, I'd probably have had you locked up.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA UNDERGRADUATE AWARDS APPLICATIONS

Available **NOW** from the Office of
Student Awards — 252 Athabasca Hall

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING CHANGE TO REGULATIONS.

CONDITIONS:

Most undergraduate awards are based on work done at this University. All monetary awards, except certain cash prizes, are contingent upon students proceeding with their programs at this University in the immediate next academic term and are payable only when students are in actual full time attendance at the University. In order to be eligible, a full normal course load (as defined by your faculty) must be taken between September and April, except for certain awards which have been designated for students taking less than a full normal course load. Students who are enrolled in less than a full course load are allowed to apply for these awards when they have accumulated the equivalent of a full normal course load as defined by the Faculty. For awards purposes, all those courses taken in the terms used to accumulate the minimum number of courses for full normal course load will be used to calculate the awards GPA.

APPLICATION DEADLINE JUNE 1, 1990

THE LOUISE MCKINNEY POST-SECONDARY SCHOLARSHIPS

FIELD OF STUDY: Open
VALUE: \$3,000.00
(\$6,000.00 for professional faculties)
NUMBER: 200

CONDITIONS:

Awarded to fulltime students who qualify as Alberta residents and are in the top 2% of faculty standing Students who are enrolled in less than a full course load are allowed to apply for these awards when they have accumulated the equivalent of a full normal course load as defined by the Faculty. For awards purposes, all those courses taken in the terms used to accumulate the minimum number of courses for full normal course load will be used to calculate the awards GPA. *Students in the final year of an undergraduate program who propose to continue their studies at the University of Alberta or elsewhere in and undergraduate or professional program or are enrolled in less than a full normal course load must contact the Student Awards Office to guarantee consideration for a Louise McKinney Scholarship.

APPLY: Student Awards Office
252 Athabasca Hall

Applications will be available by MAY 1, 1990

THE ROBERT TEGLER SPECIAL BURSARIES

FIELD OF STUDY: Open
VALUE: Tuition & Fees plus \$300.00
NUMBER: 3

CONDITIONS:

Available to physically disabled students. While due weight will be given to the academic record of candidates, special consideration will be given to their background, financial need, nature of disability, personal qualities, and other relevant points.

APPLY: Student Awards Office
252 Athabasca Hall
(a medical certificate must accompany the award application)

APPLICATION DEADLINE
Undergraduate Students by JUNE 1st
Matriculants Entering First Year by JULY 15th
THE HENRY R. ZIEL MEMORIAL AWARD

FIELD OF STUDY: Open
VALUE: \$400.00
NUMBER: 1

CONDITIONS:

Available to physically disabled students confined to wheelchairs, based on academic standing.

APPLY: Student Awards Office
252 Athabasca Hall

APPLICATION DEADLINE
Undergraduate Students by JUNE 1st
Matriculants Entering First Year by JULY 15th

Mischievous Navratilova Butt Shrunk

Several members of the Toronto Maple Leafs were charged with mischief last night in St. Louis. Ed (World B. Free) Olczyk, Gary (Moses) Leeman, Vince (Dr. Dunk) Damphousse, and Dan (Magic) Marois created a nuisance in their room into the early hours of the morning.

"We were just playing racquetball-volley-basket-ball," said Free, er, Olczyk. "We didn't mean to start a riot-like atmosphere."

It wasn't known if the Leaf management would bail the four-some out of jail.

Tennis superstar Martina Navratilova has applied to change her name legally to Manny Lee. Navratilova, once the best female player in the world, said, "I've had it with people misspelling my name. Besides, I think that I have a better body than Manny Lee and that I am more of a man than he is."

Manny, too

Meanwhile, the real Manny Lee was considering a name change, too. He likes the name Lou Whitaker.

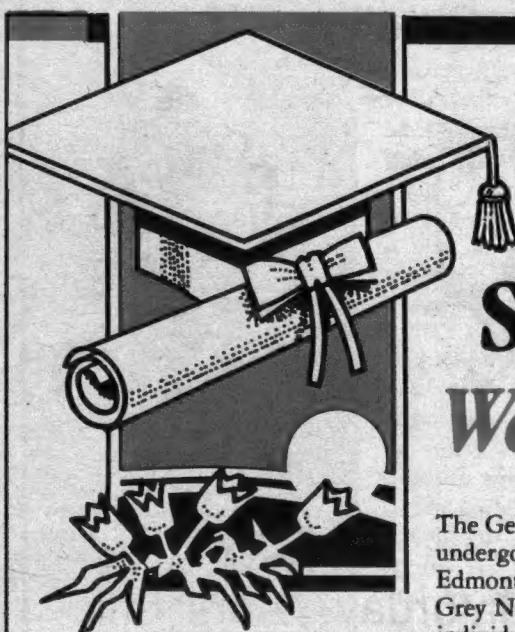
Detroit Tigers officials claimed that first baseman/designated hitter Cecil Fielder has lost weight. When he was with Toronto three years ago, Cecil became renowned for having "the biggest butt in baseball". However, a scout with the New York Yankees denies the Tigers' claim, "his butt didn't shrink, the rest of him grew."

Digest



JOURNAL HANDICAP

CURTIS STOCK



Nursing Grads And Senior Student Nurses *We Believe in You!*

The General Hospital (Grey Nuns) of Edmonton has undergone an expansion to encompass two sites: the Edmonton General Hospital in the downtown area and the Grey Nuns Hospital in Mill Woods. Our Hospital promotes individualized patient care through an interdisciplinary team approach.

The Grey Nuns Hospital is a 444-bed active tertiary care treatment facility comprising: Obstetrics, Psychiatry, Pediatrics, Surgery, Medicine, Emergency and several Outpatient Clinics. The Edmonton General Hospital operates a 554-bed multi-level facility encompassing: Geriatric Assessment and Rehabilitation Programs, Long Term Care Programs, a Palliative Care Program, Ambulatory Care and Day Programs and two Medical Units (Family Practice and Internal Medicine).

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The General Hospital (Grey Nuns) of Edmonton

Join our dynamic team!

Medicine

Our Hospital is recruiting summer nursing staff and permanent staff for the Medical Units on both sites.

The two 30-bed medical units at the Edmonton General Hospital provide acute medical support to Ambulatory, Long Term Care, Geriatric, Diabetic/Metabolic and Renal Dialysis Programs. The medical units operate in conjunction with the 94 medical beds at the Grey Nuns Hospital site.

Qualifications:

- You must be eligible for registration with A.A.R.N. and/or P.N.A.A.
- Recent related experience in the above areas is preferred.

Please apply to either hospital site:

Personnel Services
Edmonton General Hospital
1111 Jasper Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta T5K 0L4
(403) 482-8252

Personnel Services
Grey Nuns Hospital
3015 - 62 Street
Edmonton, Alberta T6L 5X8
(403) 450-7252



**The General Hospital
(Grey Nuns) of Edmonton**

Edmonton General Hospital

Grey Nuns Hospital

THE STATS PAGE

The Edmonton Journal, Sunday, April 8, 1990 E5

LATE TUESDAY BOX

		REDS		3							
		ASTROS		2							
CINCINNATI		HOUSTON									
	ab	r	h	bi	ab	r	h	bi			
Sabo 3b	4	0	1	0	Young cf	5	0	1	0		
BHatch Jr	5	1	1	0	Biggio c	4	0	1	0		
Larkin ss	4	0	2	0	Doran 2b	4	0	0	0		
EDavis cf	4	1	1	0	GDavis 1b	4	1	2	0		
Bzngr 1b	4	1	1	0	Stubbs lf	4	0	1	1		
ONeil rf	2	0	1	1	GWilson rf	4	0	0	0		
Oliver c	3	0	0	0	Caminil 3b	3	1	2	0		
Griffey ph	1	0	0	0	Ramirez ss	4	0	0	0		
Duncan 2b	2	0	1	0	Deshales p	1	0	0	0		
Layana p	0	0	0	0	Puhl ph	1	0	0	0		
Quinn ph	0	0	0	0	Schultz p	0	0	0	0		
Dibble p	0	0	0	0	Darwin p	0	0	0	0		
Myers p	0	0	0	0	Rohde ph	1	0	1	0		
Rijo p	1	0	0	0	Agosto p	0	0	0	0		
Oester 2b	2	0	2	1	Kerfeld p	0	0	0	0		
					Hernndz p	0	0	0	0		
					Oberkl p	0	0	0	0		
					Trevino ph	0	0	0	1		
Totals		32	3	10	2	Totals		35	2	8	2
Cincinnati		000 100 011			Houston		000 100 001				

E—Benzinger, Kerfeld, Sabo, DP—Houston 2, LOB—Cincinnati 13, Houston 9, 2B—Young, EDavis, GDavis, Rohde, SB—EDavis (1), S—Rijo, ONeil, SF—Trevino.

Cincinnati
Rijo IP H R ER BB SO
Layana W, 1-0 2 2 0 0 1 2
Dibble 1 1 1 0 0 2
Myers S, 1 0 0 0 0 2

Houston
Deshales 5 4 1 1 4 2
Schultz 1 2 0 0 0 1
Darwin 1 1 0 0 0 1
Agosto L, 0-1 3 0 1 1 1 0
Kerfeld 1/2 3 1 1 1 1
Hernandez 1 0 0 0 2 1

Schultz pitched to 1 batter in the 7th, Kerfeld pitched to 2 batters in the 9th, Dibble pitched to 2 batters in the 9th.

HBP—Larkin by Deshaies, WP—Layana, BK—Rijo, PB—Biggio.

Umpires—Home, Puhl; First, Rippey; Second, Darling; Third, Froemming, T—3:06.

Alt. at Houston—11:07

REALLY LATE MONDAY BOX

		WHITE SOX 1	
CHICAGO		REDS 0	
WHITE SOX			
LOS ANGELES		SAN DIEGO	
ab	r h bi	ab	r h bi
Rose	4 1 2 1	E Collins	3 0 0 0
Morgan	4 0 1 0	Felch	0 0 0 0
Fritley Sr.	3 0 1 0	Risburg	1 0 1 0
Bench	0 0 0 0	Jackson	4 0 1 0
Perez	4 0 1 0	Gandil	3 0 1 0
Foster	4 0 0 0	SCollins	3 0 0 0
Concepn	4 0 1 0	Weaver	3 0 0 0
Germino	4 0 2 0	Schalk	3 0 0 0
Gullett	2 0 0 0	Cicotte	3 0 0 0
Totals	33 1 9 1	Totals	29 0 3 0
Chicago	000 010 000	Cincinnati	000 000 000
Los Angeles	000 000 000	San Diego	000 000 000

HBP—Rose, Cicotte.

Los Angeles
Cicotte IP H R ER BB SO
Culllett W, 12 12 9 3 0 0 0 3

Chicago
Cicotte L, 2-3 4 8 1 1 3
Kerr 1 0 0 0 0 0
Lowdermilk 3 1 0 0 0 5

Umpires—Home, Crawford; First, DeMuth; Second, Hallion; Third, Harvey, T—2:24.

Alt. at San Diego—5:25

LATE OCTOBER'S BOX

		ANGELS		MARINERS					
SEATTLE		CALIFORNIA							
	ab	r	h	bi	ab	r	h	bi	
Reynolds 2b	4	0	0	0	DWhite cf	4	1	0	0
Griffey cf	4	0	1	0	Ray 2b	5	0	1	0
ADavis dh	3	0	0	0	Joyner 1b	4	1	2	0
Leonard rf	4	0	0	0	CDavis lf	4	2	2	0
POBirin 1b	3	0	0	0	Dwning dh	5	1	2	0
EMrzn 3b	3	0	1	0	Bichette rf	4	1	2	0
Cotto lf	2	0	2	0	Parrish c	3	0	0	0
Briley lf	1	0	0	0	Schu 3b	3	0	0	0

E—Puckett, DP—Oakland 2, LOB—Minnesota 9, Oakland 8, 2B—Hrbek, Hassey, Gladden, Steinbach, HR—Gladden (1), Canseco (1), McGwire (1), SB—R Henderson (2), SF—Moses.

Seattle
RSmith L, 0-1 4 7 3 3 3 2
Candaria 1 0 0 0 0 2
Drumnd 2 3 2 2 0 0

Oakland
Welch W, 1-0 5 6 1 1 1 1
Burns 1 1/2 2 0 0 1 0
Klink 1/2 1 2 2 1 0
Eckersley S, 1 2 2 0 0 2

Umpires—Home, Cooney; First, Reed; Second, Cousins; Third, Brinkman, T—2:37.

Alt. at Oakland—10:57

REALLY REALLY LATE SUNDAY BOX

Totals	36	12	7						
Seattle	000	000	000	—	0				
California	020	000	32x	—	7				
E—Reynolds, Leonard, LOB—Seattle									
California 10 2B—Schu, Cotto, EMarinez, HR—									
CDavis (1), Bichette (1), Downing (1), SB—Cotto									
(1), SF—Joyner									
Seattle	IP	H	R	ER	BS	SO			
RJohnson L-D-1	5½	6	2	2	2	4			
JeReed	1½	3	3	3	1	0			
Comstock	½	0	0	0	0	1			
Knacker	1	3	2	2	1	1			
California									
Crinley W-1-0	6½	2	0	0	1	2			
Eichhorn H-1	2½	2	0	0	0	2			
Umpires—Home, Kaiser; First, Voltaggio;									
Second, Johnson; Third, McKean; T-242									
AL at Anaheim—23,500									

E—Puckett, DP—Oakland 2, LOB—Minnesota 9, Oakland 8, 2B—Hrbek, Hassey, Gladden, Steinbach, HR—Gladden (1), Canseco (1), McGwire (1), SB—R Henderson (2), SF—Moses.

Minnesota
RSmith L, 0-1 4 7 3 3 3 2
Candaria 1 0 0 0 0 2
Drumnd 2 3 2 2 0 0

Oakland
Welch W, 1-0 5 6 1 1 1 1
Burns 1 1/2 2 0 0 1 0
Klink 1/2 1 2 2 1 0
Eckersley S, 1 2 2 0 0 2

Umpires—Home, Cooney; First, Reed; Second, Cousins; Third, Brinkman, T—2:37.

Alt. at Oakland—10:57

EMPTY BOX

Jewel in the Crown Cricket League

Memsaab Division

EAST DIVISION		W	L	Pct	GB	L10	Streak	Home	Away
Kanpur	2	0	1.000	—	2-0	W2	2-0	0-0	0-0
Bareilly	1	0	1.000	1/2	1-0	W1	0-0	1-0	1-0
New Delhi	1	1	.500	1	1-1	W1	1-0	0-1	0-1
Raibareilly	0	0	.000	1	0-0	—	0-0	0-0	0-0
Lucknow	0	0	.000	1	0-0	—	0-0	0-0	0-0
Bhubneshwar	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-0	0-2	0-2
Madras	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-0	0-2	0-2

WEST DIVISION		W	L	Pct	GB	L10	Streak	Home	Away
Karachi	2	0	1.000	—	2-0	W2	2-0	0-0	0-0
Benglore	2	0	1.000	—	2-0	W2	2-0	0-0	0-0
Islamabad	1	1	.500	1	1-1	L1	0-0	1-1	1-1
Varanasi	1	1	.500	1	1-1	L1	1-0	0-1	0-1
Rawalpindi	1	1	.500	1	1-1	W1	1-1	0-0	0-0
Jaunpur	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-0	0-2	0-2
Peshawar	0	1	.000	1 1/2	0-1	L1	0-1	0-0	0-0

TUESDAY RESULTS

Babatpur 2/0 over 6 Muchlishahar 302 over 8
Peshawar 149 over 4 Rawalpindi 340 over 9
Islamabad 203 over 7 Karachi 295 over 4
Kanpur 169 over 8 Jaunpur 244 over 6
Madras 300 over 6 Varanasi 199 over 4
Delhi 320 over 5 New Delhi 230 over 7

TODAY'S PROBABLE BOWLERS

Kanpur (haramzada 10-8) at New Delhi (Madarched 15-6) Tuesday
Lucknow (Bhanchod 11-7) at Madras (Chuthia 7-14) Tuesday
Benglore (Sala 20-8) at Varanasi (Gandu 18-8) Tuesday
Jaunpur (Gunga 17-7) at Alahabad (Din 16-12) Wednesday
Calcutta (Mahatma 13-10) at Bombay (Jawarhalal 6-3) Thursday

Saab Division

EAST DIVISION		W	L	Pct	GB	L10	Streak	Home	Away
Alahabad	2	0	1.0	—	2-0	W2	2-0	0-0	0-0
Muchlishahar	1	0	1.0	1/2	1-0	W1	1-0	0-0	0-0
Calcutta	1	0	1.0	1/2	1-0	W1	0-0	1-0	1-0
Babatpur	0	1	.000	1 1/2	0-1	L1	0-1	0-0	0-0
Bombay	0	1	.000	1 1/2	0-1	L1	0-0	0-1	0-1
Amritsar	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-0	0-0	0-2

WEST DIVISION		W	L	Pct	GB	L10	Streak	Home	Away
Delhi	2	0	1.0	—	2-0	W2	0-0	2-0	2-0
Kosoli	2	0	1.0	—	2-0	W2	2-0	0-0	0-0
Benares	0	0	.000	1	0-0	—	0-0	0-0	0-0
Gorakhpur	0	0	.000	1	0-0	—	0-0	0-0	0-0
Trivandrum	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-0	0-2	0-2
	0	2	.000	2	0-2	L2	0-2	0-0	0-0

TUESDAY RESULTS

Bhubneshwar 180 over 3 Raibareilly 316 over 9
Bareilly 227 over 6 Gorakhpur 204 over 7
Trivandrum 315 over 8 Benares 315 over 9
Calcutta 276 over 5 Amritsar 275 over 3
Kosoli 666 over 1 Lucknow 4

TODAY'S PROBABLE BOWLERS

Amritsar (Gretzky 0-0) at Delhi (Bo 20-0) All weekend
Delhi (Ultimate 6-3) at Kosoli (warrior 12-8) Saturday
Benares (Hulk 9-14) at Gorakhpur (Hogan 15-11) Saturday
Trivandrum (Gama 12-9) at Bareilly (Smith 14-10) Sunday
Raibareilly (Ajay 10-2) at Bhubneshwar (Bhardwaj 3-14) Sunday

TV ON THE TUBE

BEST BETS

2:30 pm(TSN) Midget Wrestling AWA Championship. Koko B. Ware vs Randal(Sweet Pea)Smathers (Live) (3 hour limit)

9:00 pm(Videotron) Ball Hockey City Championship. Millwoods vs. Yellowbird (Live) (8 hrs)

10:00 pm(TNN) Tennessee Swamp Buggy Races (Live) (2 hrs.)

TODAY

5:00 pm(TSN) Midget Wrestling AWA Championship. Koko B. Ware vs Randal(Sweet Pea)Smathers (Live) (3 hour limit)

7:00 pm(Videotron) Ball Hockey City Championship. Millwoods vs. Yellowbird (Live) (8 hrs)

4:00 pm(TNN) Tennessee Swamp Buggy Races (Live) (2 hrs.)

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CORRECTION

Gold Key Recipients:
Richard Cook was the nominator of Joy Maru. The winner of the award is Joy Maru. Apologies to Richard Cook and Joy Maru.

Sunday **Poster Page**

E6

The Edmonton *Sunday* Journal

Sunday, April 8, 1990

STRONGMAN S P PAUL

Paul shows off the fine form that allowed him to tackle rising costs, wrestle with unfriendly students and staff, and stamp out opposition to his policies.

What a year!

The Sunday Journal